BABY DOLL

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SUNNY SIDE UP!

While this is being written, the newspapers, radio broadcasters, and TV news programs are bemoaning the fact that this has been the coldest winter since '88, or something. Using the usual cliche's, the commentators are telling us that "the Mid-West is shivering under a blanket of frost, Florida Citrus crops are suffering millions of dollars in cold damage, and all in all, it's a hell of a cold snap."

so we figured you'd like to see something a little nicer and warmer than a snowman out on the patio! This is Sunny — a genuine, blonde, built-type girl. As you can see thru fairly careful examination of the pix on these pages, Sunny believes in doing her sun-bathing in the altogether. Says she can soak up the old Vitamin D "everywhere she may need it." Frankly, from where we sit, Sunny doesn't need vitamin D — or anything else!

INCENTIVE PLAN

BERT THEEL

The tall, leggy blonde deftly removed her low-cut blouse, tossed it aside and made an inviting platter of her hands, serving up her large, conical breasts in a dramatic, exciting gesture.

With an indolent wriggle of her smooth, full hips, she moved into the part of her routine Chick Fitch liked best—the removal of her black lace bra.

From his table just below the runway, Fitch mopped the sweat of excitement from his lined brow and pudgy chin. He poured from the bottle of cheap, overly sweet champagne that had cost six-fifty and had established his right to occupy the front table alone.

Now the blonde was down to real cases. Her magnificent breasts shone under the amber spotlight; they were bare except for the required aureole coverings and, of course, the yellow tassels.

The small combo vamped into an up-tempo number and the blonde flexed her stomach and chest muscles. She seemed to be looking right at Fitch as she caused the tassels dangling from each breast to rotate, first clock-wise, then counter- and finally counter- for the right breast and clock-wise for the left.

Fitch felt more sweat. The ache for the blonde spread insistently through his body. He wanted her more than ever and watching her this way only added fuel to his determination.

It also played hell with his bank balance. A shy, balding man of thirty-six, Fitch was unmarried and, fortunately, not often given to such terribly extravagant sex urges. The last one had been an aspiring actress with the most gorgeous fanny Fitch had ever beheld. Her favors cost him a thousand dollars to get her front teeth straightened and capped. Nearly half that much again went to paying tabs at places on the Sunset Strip where the would-be actress wanted to be seen.

The blonde stripper had only cost two hundred so far, and nothing had been laid for sure, not even the ground work. Her name, Marla Brando. It was slightly more phony than her shoulder length blonde hair, but there all the artificiality ended.

Marla just missed six feet. Her legs had loose, rippling muscles and her stomach was flat and hard. Her hips had a gradual, elongated taper that gave Fitch all sorts of ideas. No question about it; whatever a man had in mind when he looked at a lithe, sexy gal; Marla was built for it.

Fitch saw her for the first time two weeks previously on a night on the town with the sales manager and some of the boys from work. Employe incentive plan night, they called it.

Some incentive. Fitch returned to the Strip-o-Rama every night, working his way from a stool at the bar to this front row table, and from simple, bashful gawking to screwing up enough courage to feed Marla two-fifty steak sandwiches and buck and a half champagne cocktails. And tonight — ah, tonight, Fitch was actually taking Marla out for a late snack at Cyrano's, when she finished her last routine.

He drained his glass of the sweet champagne and tilted his head back in awe. Marla had both tassels gyrating freely now. The drummer pounded out indifferent rim shots as Marla added another fillip — her hips twisted in a vigorous, suggestive sway. Fitch imagined himself being on the receiving end of that swaying and a spurt of excitement squirted through him. From a stool at the bar to a shaky, hesitant introduction — and now this. He sighed lovingly at the lavish bosom and inviting thighs. He was getting closer and closer all the time.

After her routine, Marla sat at his table and downed six champagne cocktails, insisting Fitch tip the waitress a dollar a round. He bought her imported cigarets and stared longingly at her breasts while a four-foot tall brunette, wearing a veil over her face, did a strip out of a harem costume.

"She ain't no Arab," Marla volunteered. "She's from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, and her old man's working out with weights and rings."

Fitch felt a different flow of excitement. Marla's confidances were a source of off-beat information.

"Yeah, he's trying to grow another half inch to make it on the police force."

Fitch closed his eyes and dreamed of his hands on her lush bosom, his body close to hers, while she whispered her curious bits of information into his ear.

They sat through another strip, a bossa nova demonstration led by a redhead in a bikini, and a twenty-minute intermission. Fitch got stuck for another cover charge, but didn't mind too much because Marla's sleek thigh rested against his while he paid the tab.

The last show began at eleven thirty. A tired master of ceremonies welcomed everyone in the audience to The Strip-O-Rama on The Sunset Strip. Then he introduced the small orchestra. "Yes, we'd like to do Seventy-Six Trombones for you, but seven of our men didn't show up."

The MC droned on with an old Army routine. "Say, that gentleman at the back table reminds me of my second lieutenant when I was in the service. His name was . . . er . . . Chicken . . . Chicken Something. I've got it; Chicken Smith."

While the audience laughed, Marla leaned closer to Fitch. Her breath his ear was exciting, making him feel even more of the distance between them had been bridged.

"That MC," she said.

"Yes?"

"He raises red worms for fishing bait. There's a whole drawer full of them in his room."

Ten minutes later, Marla left to prepare for her act. This time, as she worked down to that shimmering G-String and the revolving tassels, Fitch was positive she was adding a bit of intimacy for him alone.

Before the midnight snack at Cyrano's, Marla led Fitch on a walking tour of several posh women's stores about the Sunset Strip, pointedly indicating such things as sports coats, dresses and gowns that appealed to her. "I'm a perfect size thirteen," she said, "even though I am big in the bosom. I'm very lucky that way."

The tab at Cyrano's cost twenty-two dollars. There was an elaborate shrimp dish Marla longed to try, but nibbled at only briefly, content to let Fitch suggest the old standby, a steak sandwich.

On the way to her West Hollywood apartment, Marla noticed an expensive gourmet grocery. "They have canned goose liver in there that I'm dying to try," she said. "I hear they give discounts if you buy by the case."

Her apartment was three large rooms. The decor had no common motif other than lavish expensiveness. Thick carpets vied for attention with thicker sofas, hand loomed rugs, cut crystal ware and a large, commanding console that housed a gigantic color TV.

Fitch gulped when he caught sight of her bed. It was circular, perhaps nine feet in diameter. Above it hung a small, frilly canopy. He licked his lips in anticipation. What a hell of a lot of bed to romp in with so much woman.

But Fitch did not romp that night, nor did Marla even bother with a change into the proverbial "something more comfortable." From a large bar filled with bottles of Chives Regal, J & B and Old Rarity, she extracted a bottle of Scotch bottled expressly for Thrifty Drug Stores, and gave him a grim offering.

She kicked off her shoes, wriggled her toes, tilted her head back against the thick padding of the sofa and said, "Shees! I'm beat!"

She meant it, too, even though Fitch's heart had begun to pound wildly in anticipation of another old proverb: once you've got a broad's shoes off, you've got her.

Fitch had to settle for two rather indifferent kisses and a brief, tingling moment when his hand brushed that warm, pulsing bosom of hers. She shooed him to the door with a dewey-eyed look he interpreted as being sympathy for his great need of her.

"Come see me tomorrow, Baby. Now that you know some of the things I like, I think we're getting to know each other."

After work the next day, Fitch returned to the Sunset Strip and visited one of the shops Marla had shown him. He left the shop fifty dollars lighter and one filmy nightie heavier. The gourmet grocery did, indeed, give case discounts on goose liver. They also knew for a certainty that Marla had a passion for chocolate filled with cordials. They were quite nice about accepting Fitch's personal check without identification.

Later that night, Fitch had reason to believe he was getting even closer to his goal of Marla and bed. She changed into something more comfortable, a bulky terry cloth robe. She upped the grade of Scotch she gave him to White Horse and left him to the mercies of The Late Show while she bathed.

When she'd finished, Marla returned to the living room, sank deeply into her sofa and fed Fitch two of the cordial filled chocolates. Before he could turn off the TV, Marla had another confidence to bestow. It was about the hero in the movie. "He collects Siamese fighting fish and has a morbid fear

CONTINUED

of avocados."

Before he left Marla's, Fitch made even greater strides. For nearly five minutes, Marla let him fondle that fabulous bosom, stopping him only when he attempted to kiss them and bury his face within the deep luxury.

When she showed him to the door, her lips actually sought his and he walked into the street with the sharp, enticing memory of the way her tongue had deftly flickered in and out of his mouth, like a sardine eluding a net.

She was busy the next two nights.

Three nights later, Fitch appeared at her apartment with a mohair jacket and a book-sized portable TV. This time Marla let him fondle her breasts for nearly ten minutes and she did not seem to be terribly imposed upon when he buried his face in them and sighed with great contentment. It was too much to expect more, although Fitch asked and was refused.

An urgent plea for more only evoked an impatient sigh from her. "Shees, but I could use a vacation," she said.

Fitch took a quick glance at a long slash of bared leg before she pushed him out into the hall. His mind was made up then and there. The next day, he withdrew three hundred dollars from the credit union, despite stern warnings from Miss Verbena, the secretary.

"I know why you're doing it," she said reprovingly.

Fitch couldn't meet her eyes while she counted out the money. He knew full well what Miss Verbena had in mind—him. An interesting body and a plain, unassuming face went with her. She'd often been a temptation. But that was before Marla Brando.

With the three hundred dollars, Fitch took Marla to the Hotel Del Coronado for a week-end. She lay sunning her long, lithe body most of the day and had a positive attraction for such delicacies as pheasant au plumage and breast of guinea hen under glass.

While dressing for dinner, she allowed more f o n d l i n g of her breasts and Fitch slyly snuck in a pinch of her taut fanny. Thus encouraged, he ordered dinner with great care, trying to embody in it the essence of every grand seduction dinner he'd ever read of.

Marla ate with animation and little conversation. After dinner, when Fitch suggested they retire early, Marla gave a wide-eyed look. "Are you kidding? On a vacation?"

And so Fitch proceeded to lose a hundred twenty dollars at the dog races, backing a succession of lean, mouse colored animals whom Marla though looked cute.

When it became, at last, time for bed, Fitch was hardly able to keep his eyes open. Tired and spent, he pushed himself to the limit, knowing by the shrewd way she eyed him that at last the time had come. It was time for the works, the payoff.

Marla sat on the edge of the bed, making a production of drawing her sheer nylons over her long, glistening legs. He smacked his lips in anticipation when Marla asked for help in removing her bra and panty girdle.

Fitch became nervous at her suggestion of a night cap. There was mischief and desire in her eyes as their brandy glasses clinked. He focused his eyes on her full ripe body, barely concealed now by a filmy black negligee. The bed was a large double. There was nothing to stop him now.

As he flicked off the light, Fitch had to stifle a yawn. Getting into bed next to her, he experienced mild dismay that his ardor seemed to have flagged. Perhaps a long caress of those marvelous breasts would help—perhaps a delicate probing of loins.

"You know something," Marla whispered into his ear, "the bell boy has a trained dog that's appeared in two television commercials."

Fitch felt a brief moment of jealousy toward the bellboy. He remembered wondering just how the hell the punk kid had the time to impart this information to Marla.

"What's the matter, Baby?" Marla asked at length. "Don't you want to? I thought you wanted to. I was looking forward."

"Damned right I want to," Fitch said, sandwiched about a deep yawn.

"What's that, Honey? Don't you want to?"

"Yes," Fitch said, horrified to discover the rest of his body no longer agreeing with him. He reached desperately for her bosom and moved his body in close against her—closer than he'd ever been.

"You sure don't act like you want to," Marla said.

Fitch yawned. His last memory was of Marla's laughter. Then the center of his focus seemed to fade. That grand bosom became a grey haze of sleep.

The next morning, she was gone before he awakened. More of the sunning. Dressing, he looked suspiciously at the bottle from which the nightcap had come.

The day was a repetition of the previous day, with the exception of the dog races. This time it was Caliente and sleek horses that looked like men in hair tonic ads. Fitch backed four straight losers for Marla and finally, in the fifth race, backed a winner for her at 12 to 1. She promptly insisted on the winnings, then pressured Fitch through another fifty dollars of unsuccessful bets.

That night, the bellboy whose dog appeared on the television commercials appeared with a collapsable cot.

"What's that?" Fitch asked.

"A cot," Marla said.

"What for? Is the bellboy lonesome?"

"That's for you. If I'm not good enough to sleep with—well, you don't have to."

"But look, I do want to; more than anything. I'm sorry about last night. But it's different now. See how different it is."

Marla shook he head. "You think that's all there is to it, don't you? Well, as it so happens, tonight, I'm not in the mood."

They returned to Los Angeles in a moody silence and Fitch had to start all over again with a dozen roses before Marla would sit with

him at the Strip-O-Rama and let him buy her steak sandwiches and champagne cocktails.

Fitch didn't get to her apartment for nearly a week, and then it was only briefly, to a fondling of breasts and a reminder that Marla was in desperate need of a new make-up case to match her luggage set.

He was miserable now, and his work suffered, but Fitch dutifully braved Miss Berbena and closed out his credit union account to buy the Amelia Erhart make-up case and a magnum of Tattinger Blanc de Blanc champagne.

For his efforts, he was rewarded with the sight of Marla fluttering about the apartment in a pair of skin tight toreador pants and a tight sweater. After a boring Late Show on TV, Fitch made his move again, reaching for the melon-like buttocks and drawing a sharp rebuke.

"I'm sorry, Honey," she said, sounding genuinely c o n t r i t e. "I can't. I guess it's nerves. You see, I'm through at the Strip-O-Rama."

"Through? Where will you go?"

"To a—well, it's sort of a private club deal."

"I won't be able to see you then?"

"I guess not, Honey."

Fitch felt desperate. "Maybe later —after work."

"I'll be out of town for a while Maybe when I come back.

"I'll miss you, but at least I'll be able to save some more money."

"More money. You mean you're broke?"

Fitch nodded. "Its only temporary. Im headed for an employee incentive plan award."

"Big deal," Marla scowled. "A transistor radio."

"It'll be more than that. I'm due a bonus."

Marla gave him a sisterly pat. "Come see me then," she said, showing him to the door.

What Fitch desperately needed was some ego boosting and perspective. He got both the next day, when Miss Verbena had to refuse him a credit union loan, but gave him a personal loan of twenty dollars and invited him to dinner at her apartment.

She greeted him at the door wearing a pair of metallic toreador pants that reminded him painfully of Marla Brando.

But from the very beginning, Fitch had an easy go of it. The toreador pants were peeled off Miss Verbena's legs like a banana and Fitch was romped, relieved and revitalized, all over her couch, a hooked rug and finally in her bed; a nice, sensible square bed with no canopy.

With his new perspective, Fitch was able to be more realistic about his sex life. Miss Verbena was the sexual beer he'd have while occasionally longing for the champagne types like Marla. Okay, that was life. He was able to face it and the fact that he'd been royally taken by Marla. She'd put on the big tease and it had worked. No doubt about the night cap now. It had been mickeyed.

When Fitch applied for an advance on his salary, his boss flatly refused – then broke into a wide grin. "You won't need it, Chick. Tomorrow, you'r being flown to Vegas for an all-expenses fling. That's your employee incentive reward for your excellent sales record. You lucky guy, I envy you."

From the moment Fitch boarded the plane, he was treated royally by a succession of attractive women and understanding men. He and the others from his company got the red carpet. They were put in deluxe suites with well stocked bars. A party was planned for each night

"No trouble about girls, either," MacPherson, the vacation manager assured him. "We've got plenty. And we borrowed a page from the company procedures. The girls get regular pay, with a bonus on the incentive plan. Each girl has a chart and you guys grade her Get the bit?"

"You mean," Fitch asked, "if they don't perform well or cooperate, they don't get bonuses?"

"Exactly. And just to make sure they get the idea, we showed 'em all the room full of goodies, the fur coats, watches, suits, TV sets and stuff they can earn for being good. And get this; the gal you guys give the most votes to gets a new T-Bird. You guys are going to have a continuous ball."

Fitch smacked his lips in anticipation, then left for his room. He mixed himself a drink, changed into his trunks and walked down by the pool. As always, Vegas was alive with good lookers. Fitch was broke but happy. He had it made. He might even get over the devistation caused by Marla and settle down to the likes of Miss Verbena sooner than he'd hoped.

Eyeing a particularly gorgeous honey blonde in a bikini, Fitch felt the Vegas sun warm his body The blonde warmed his libido and he though, why not? A little action before dinner. It would be just the thing to get into shape.

He sauntered back to his room and called MacPherson. "Send up a blonde," he said. Something tall and leggy. Someone who wants that T-Bird badly."

Fitch mixed himself a scotch and water, then sat back to wait. At length, there was a knock at the door. He bade the caller enter and watched with great excitement as the tall, leggy blonde he'd ordered entered his room. She had one of the most beautiful bosoms he'd ever seen

He felt a surge of satisfaction as he watched her move toward him. "Sorry," he said, "not in the mood for a blonde. I think I'll try a brunette."

"But Honey—" The blonde's face turned ashen. The face belonged to Marla. "I didn't know you worked for this outfit."

"Tsk, tsk," Fitch said. "Maybe I can fix it so you'll get a consolation prize, a transistor radio. Now if you'll see about that brunet—"

"Chick, Honey," Marla sputtered, "I'll make you very happy. I promise."

"No, I don't think so. About that brunette—"

"Chick, give me a chance. I'll do anything for you. Anything you want." Desperately, she began unbuttoning her blouse. Her breasts stood proud and ready.

"Well," Fitch said, "you'd have to show me."

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Nikki - *Rebel With a Cause*

You'd never think it — looking at these pictures — but this is one of the truly angry young women! No fooling, Nikki, a Baby Doll with a fantastic amount of bounce to the well packed ounce, is made at a lot of the things that go on in the so-called fashion world. You see, Nikki is a fashion-type model. She has the long legs, the "not too-large-but-firm-and-high" bust, and all the rest of the goodies that go into the making of a fashion model. But Nikki can't get enough steady work.

Now, for those of our readers who have been unfortunate enough to have been exposed to the undernourished type of fashion model that "Vogue," to use an example, uses — this might be a fine example of some type of discrimination. But that ain't the way it is at all. Nikki likes her hair the way it is!

This is the big problem. Nikki is blonde. Beautifully blonde. Beautifully blonde all over. And her hair is as soft as silk, with a real blonde sheen to it. But the fashion designers who use models of Nikki's type either don't like blondes, or they want their girls to have short hair. Nikki won't cut her hair. The designers won't give her a break until she does. Result — one very angry young woman.
Besides, men: is there anything prettier than long, silken blonde hair spread fan-wise out over a pillow?

The Flesh Peddler

ROD DONAHUE was engaging in his almost-favorite recreation. Alone in his office well after quitting time for most of Midwest City, he was checking his bank statement.

The balance was substantial, and he smiled.

Find a need, he thought with irony, and fill it. Move up to quality.

Only in America . . .

He thought of his career. Just like the career of any other well-educated young executive with good connections and an Ivy League diploma. Just exactly like any other good organization man. Until that one night which had given him the idea, and set him up in business.

He had been working at the time for Monolithic Electric Company, that sprawling titan of a corporation whose appliances whirred and buzzed and whose lightbulbs burned in almost every home and factory in the country. He had not really climbed especially high with them, either. Assistant Sales Manager of the Small Motors Division, not a very exclusive spot in the hierarchy, since the Small Motors Division had almost a dozen other assistant sales managers. Any one of whom would have slit a rival's throat if it would have meant another inch of progress up the ladder to the Sales Manager's chair.

Somehow, perhaps because of his suavity and his legendary success with women, he'd wound up with a special duty. Monolithic Electric's Small Motors Division did a lot of customer-entertaining. Rod Donahue had wound up practically in charge of all of it.

It was all-right work. A lot of wining and dining — not too onerous except for the woman part. You had to have extensive contacts — which he had — to find enough women to keep the customers happy. The trouble was, the women were not of a uniform grade. One time a buyer might draw a real lady who made him very, very happy. The girl he got on his next visit might turn out to be a grasping, avaricious bitch who would take her client's wallet with her in the morning when she left, before he had awakened. That kind of entertaining didn't particularly build good will for the company . . .

It got harder and harder to find sufficiently attractive and reliable girls to keep the customers happy. In talking with young executives of other companies on whose shoulders rested similar responsibilities, he found they faced the same problem. There simply weren't enough of the right kind of call-girls to go around.

That was when he got his big idea.

Find a need and fill it.

Find the girls and screen them.

Get amateurs — they put their hearts into their work. And they were so grateful for a liberal cut of the profits that they usually stayed honest as the day was long—or night, as the case might be.

He considered the matter carefully from every angle. He approached two or three women whom he trusted and who might be amenable to such a sparetime line of work. He resigned his job, took his money out of the company pension plan and sank every penny he had into his new enterprise.

Because he had good connections all through industry, and because he had found the need and could fill it, the business was a success from the very start.

Midwest City was his headquarters. It was a money town, growing by leaps and bounds, and there was no competition here. But he had branch offices in several other cities, and he was contemplating opening one in New York. He was still a little hesitant about New York, though. You got a better grade of girls in the smaller towns, where they had fewer competing diversions.

The only thing that troubled him now was that it was hard to keep a secretary. Usually if the secretary had any looks at all, as soon as she found out what the girls were making, she wanted to quit and get on the list for assignment. It was a nuisance, and he was having a devil of a time replacing Fran Devlin, who had quit last night. For greener pastures. Well, he thought, I can't blame her.

Just how much a nuisance sank home when there was a knock on the door and he realized that he'd have to answer it himself. Sighing heavily, he shoved the bank statement into the top drawer of his

desk and got up.

The face of the young man standing in the doorway was set and expressionless. "Mr. Donahue?"

"Yes."

"I'm Jerry Charles. Annette's husband. I'd like to talk to you."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Charles. Annette's one of our most popular girls. I've been looking forward to meeting you. Please come in."

Donahue sized up the young man carefully as he walked across the office. He felt no twinge of apprehension. He'd faced many husbands before — and there was one thing that always brought them to heel—money. You had to choose a husband as carefully as you choose the wife. To be a good employee, a married woman must have a properly ineffectual and indigent husband. He knew from his dossier on Jerry Charles that Charles qualified superbly on both counts.

He motioned Jerry to a chair in his inner office

"Thank you. I was afraid you'd be gone when I got here."

Donahue laughed, as if Jerry would know how it was. "Man works from sun to sun, but the work of somebody in business for himself is never done." He leaned back in his chair. "Well, Annette had a very successful week. I'm sure you're quite pleased."

"I don't think that's exactly the word for it," Jerry said quietly. "I came here to get her contract from you. She's through."

Rod Donahue arched his brows. "Dear me. I haven't heard a word from her to the affect that she was considering quitting. When did this come about?"

"And she wants to quit? After having a good week? Really, Mr. Charles, you shouldn't let her do that."

"She doesn't want to quit," Jerry said.

"Oh? But I thought you said—"

"I am the one seeing to it that she's quitting."

Rod Donahue pursed his lips. "Well. Well, now, that puts a different light on things. Really, I'm afraid it does, Mr. Charles. I mean Jerry. You don't mind if I call you Jerry, do you? Annette's spoken of you so much—"

"Mr. Charles will be just fine," Jerry said tautly. "I don't want you calling me by my first name. I think our acquaintance is going to be very brief."

"Very well. If you want it that way." Donahue's face went cold, his eyes hard.

"Listen," he continued. "A girl's no good to me if she genuinely wants to quit. If Annette comes to me and tells me that she's through, I'll hand over her contract with no questions asked. But after all, I can't turn over her contract to a third party, just because the third party insists that I should. It would be a breach of contract for which I'd be quite liable in a court of law if she chose to sue me."

"That contract's just a scarp of paper; you know that. It wouldn't stand up in any court. You use it to give a semblance of legality to things and to intimidate the dopes who don't know any better."

"On the contrary, Mr. Charles. The contract is a legal document in every way."

"Try enforcing it in court."

"I have — once or twice."

Jerry blinked. "What? How can you enforce a contract obligating a girl to prostitution?"

"If you'll read the contract, old boy, you'll find no reference to prostitution. Your wife was hired as an entertainer."

"Yes, but a trial would bring out the true nature of the contract."

"Not," Donahue said quietly, "unless you wanted everybody to know that your wife was a call-girl."

Jerry licked his lips. Donahue saw that he was beginning to be a little confused, a little nervous.

"Contract or no contract," Jerry said harshly, "my wife is through."

"Certainly. You just have her come in and tell me that herself."

"Don't you phone her again! Don't you give her any more assignments!"

"As long as she is working for me, I'm obligated to keep her busy at least three nights a week."

Jerry leaned forward. "Donahue, I'm warning you. The smartest thing you can do right now is to give me that contract and never try to contact my wife again. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise what?"

"Otherwise I'll go to the police. I'll bring your whole damned mess out from under its rock and let the light shine on it."

Donahue calmly took a cigarette from his case. "I hardly think so, Mr. Charles. Unless, there again, you want to have your own wife, the mother of your daughter, exposed as one of my best call-girls."

Jerry stood up, his hands clenching. Unobtrusively, Donahue let his hand move into his desk drawer, where he'd just stuffed the bank statement. "By God," Jerry said tautly, "you've got them all covered, haven't you? The angles. You've got them all covered tight."

"All part of the game, old boy," said Donahue.

"There's one thing, though," Jerry grated. "There's one thing I can do. That's beat hell out of you."

"I wouldn't try that either," Donahue said. His hand came out of the drawer and he held a snub-nosed .38 revolver, unwaveringly trained on Jerry. "A man has a right to protect himself from assault — and believe me, I would not hesitate to exercise my right."

He saw Jerry Charles stand there shaking with impotent fury for a moment. He could almost hear the wheels turning over in the man's head. He wondered, without trepidation, just how long it would take Charles to realize he was beaten.

"I said before," Donahue murmured, "all your wife has to do is to come in and resign. It's as simple as that, my friend. Then there'll be no need for all this hanky-panky and these unseemly threats."

"She'll be in to resign tomorrow," Jerry said hoarsely.

"I very much doubt it," Donahue smiled. "I think I know her pretty well, and I'm sure she enjoys her work."

"She'll be in," Jerry said again.

"Very well. If she is, though, I'll have to disappoint a client. I have an assignment for her tomorrow night. A very relaxing one, I might add. Old Senator Wilson is in town to inspect a missile plant. He's too

old to do anything, but he does like to pat and feel and pinch. Your wife should be able to pick up a quick hundred dollars and still be home by midnight."

"She's not going on any assignment tomorrow night."

"Of course not, if she comes in and resigns tomorrow."

"She's not going anyway."

"I get the feeling that you're not very sure of your ground, Mr. Charles. I rather believe that I will call her — and she will go."

He watched Jerry Charles' shoulders slump.

"Yes," Jerry said bitterly.

"It was all bravado, wasn't it?" Donahue asked gently.

"Yes."

"She wouldn't really resign of her own free will tomorrow, would she?"

"No," Jerry said.

"And when I call her tomorrow, she won't hesitate to go out again tomorrow night, will she?"

"No."

"And there's nothing you can do about it, is there, Charles?"

"No," said Jerry again.

"But you tried, anyway, didn't you?" Donahue's voice was almost sympathetic, understanding. "You tried. And, on reconsideration, I've been wondering, Mr. Charles. Perhaps I've been pushing you and Annette too hard. Perhaps she does need a quiet night at home. A long week-end. Today's Friday. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll cancel her assignment for tomorrow night and you and she can have a long week-end. A . . . A second honeymoon.

"I'm sure she has picked up many new techniques this week, Mr Charles. It ought to be very pleasant to have her demonstrate them for you." He lowered the gun. "I'll find somebody else for Senator Wilson. And don't worry, Mr. Charles, there'll be no charge for the use of your wife. It's on the house . . ."

For a moment, he thought Jerry was going to leap across the desk at him, gun or no gun. But he'd been unable to forego the dig at Jerry. Jerry restrained himself. "I'm sure we're very grateful," Jerry said with resonant irony. "Thank you ever so much."

The slam of the door as Jerry went out echoed throughout the whole fourteenth floor

ROD DONAHUE chuckled as he remembered his first meeting with Annette Charles when Sandi Lewis had brought her up for an interview

Sandi had long ago rebelled at poverty and had become one of his best call-girls.

They were in his inner office. Annette had been very nervous. Her skirt kept crawling up over her knees and she seemed embarrassed, trying to pull it down. Donahue did not appear to notice; in a well-bred fashion, he had kept his eyes away from her legs.

"I told you about Annette, remember?" Sandi said

"Ah, yes. Mrs. Lewis has spoken of you, Mrs. Charles. She's recommended that we interview you for our organization."

"But I don't know what kind of organization you've got. The only work I've ever done is school work . . ." Annette had said

He told her prior experience was not necessarily needed; the main thing was a willingness to work. Not that the work was strenuous or burdensome, but she would find that the hours *were* a bit irregular. He finally got around to telling her how much she could make by 'entertaining' Very Important Persons.

He saw Annette's mouth begin to drop open. "Why," she had said, "you — you're running a clearing house for call-girls! Sandi—you—?"

Sandi had smiled and nodded. "But don't get the wrong idea, sugar. It's not like you might imagine."

After arguing pro and con, Annette had agreed to get her husband to sign the contract. That was a matter of policy in the case of a married woman. Then he advanced her five hundred dollars, another five hundred with which to buy clothing, jewelry, etc.

He smiled as he remembered Annette's parting remark: "I'd do *anything* to make three hundred dollars a week!"

She and Sandi Lewis had left then, and the next day Annette returned with her husband's signature on the contract.

IT WAS not customary for Rod Donahue to come down to the office on Saturday mornings. He worked hard all through the week and he liked his leisure on the week-ends. But since Fran Devlin had given up her secretarial duties, he had no option. A man simply couldn't let the paperwork go.

Pending finding another secretary who would suit his requirements both as to performance and discretion, he filled the gap by roughing out his correspondence in longhand and taking it to a secretarial service on another floor to be typed. It was awkward and time-consuming. Not only did he have to write instead of dictate, but he also had to think of the proper euphemisms so that the strange girl who typed the stuff would not go into shock, and still his letters would be intelligible to their recipients.

It was a delicate thing, and he was laboring over it with not very much good humor on this Saturday morning. He was grateful for the interruption when there was a knock on the corridor door. He hoped that it might be an applicant sent over by the employment agency.

He laid down his pen and got up, straightening his tie which he had pulled loose, and went to the door. He hoped it would be a girl who could type. There was a baseball game on television which he did not want to miss this afternoon. If this was a typist, matters could be much expedited. He would give her what he'd done so far this morning to test her abilities.

He was a little disappointed and taken aback when he saw it was only Tom Lewis, Sandi's husband.

He knew Lewis slightly; the slender young man had been to his office to countersign Sandi's contract. A nonentity, Donahue thought with the distaste of a man of accomplishment for a weakling — a real, one hundred percent nonentity.

Nevertheless, he was, as always, cordial. "Good morning, Mr. Lewis. This is an unexpected pleasure. Can I help you?" CONTINUED

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"Yeah," Tom Lewis said. He walked past Donahue into Donahue's private office. Donahue, a little nettled, moved around behind the desk. "What is it you want?" he asked sharply.

"I want two contracts and all documents in your files pertaining to my wife and Annette Charles," Tom Lewis said hesitantly, as if he did not really expect them to be given to him.

"I'm afraid that's not possible," Donahue said crisply. "My files are confidential, even so far as my girls' husbands are concerned."

"I want them," Lewis said. "I think you'd better give them to me."

Now Donahue was really angry. "Why, you little punk," he burst out. "Who are you to come in here and tell me what to do? Get the hell out of here."

Tom Lewis sighed. "I was afraid you were going to be like that." His hand reached for his pocket.

That was when Donahue saw the outline of the gun beneath the cloth and recognized it. In sudden panic, he whisked open his desk drawer, his hand swooped in—

He almost made it. Almost, but not quite.

"I've already killed one man this morning, my boss. One more won't make a damn bit of difference.. I went in to tell my boss I was quitting my lousy job. Know what he said? He said, 'Hell, if I had a woman working for me like that, I'd get independent and quit my job, too.' Sandi had slept with him the night before. Get that? *With my boss!*" He called her a 'real horse.' Then called me a pimp. I've had it."

The roar of the gun was thunderous in the quiet office. A Colt .45 automatic makes a lot of noise. But there few people in the building this morning and none were on the fourteenth floor.

Rod Donahue, shot through the stomach, sagged behind his desk.

It took him a long time to die. While he was dying, he heard Tom Lewis going through the files, taking what he wanted.

Donahue was quite dead when Lewis at last let himself out

NEVER
IN A BEDROOM!

This Baby Doll, who goes under the intriguing name of Elspeth, had one of the most popular fixations any young woman ever dreamed of! It seems that when Elspeth was a very young girl, she was frightened by someone (or something) while sleeping in her own little beddy bye, in her own little bedroom.

Ever since then little Elspeth has had a freak kind of fear of bedrooms. She just won't sleep in one. She'll sleep on the floor or on a table, or a couch — or even the back seat of a car! But never in a bedroom!

As you can probably realize, this makes for all kinds of problems for Elspeth. When she travels, which she does quite extensively in her work, she usually gets a hotel suite, so there's a kind of living room arrangement with a couch or something. Her own pad is a one-room plus kitchen plus bath affair — but the one room is about forty by fifty feet in size. It has a fireplace, couches, chairs, fleecy rugs, jazzy tables, counter tops and breakfronts . . . but no bedroom and no bed!

Elspeth's boyfriends, of whom there are quite a few, are usually a little shook the first time they pick her up. Elspeth is as toothsome a chick as ever laid kick to pad . . . but when the lads look around for the 'game room' . . . there ain't one! Naturally, most red blooded American Boys can cope with a situation like this. But Elspeth happens to dig a lot of foreign types, too . . . the suave Continentals just don't get the picture.

After all, who can imagine a sleek South American, or a dashing Italian, wrestling on a living room couch? Neither can Elspeth! So as you can see (very plainly) Elspeth has a problem. She can't sleep in a bed, or in a bedroom ... and just looking at her in most cases makes the thoughts run in forbidden directions.

Have you any suggestions on how Elspeth can cure her phobia, WE HAVE!!

Time Out for Love

The two men entering the grimey little bookstore on Los Angeles's Skid Row couldn't have been more opposit in appearance. The taller one was handsome, well-built, expensively dressed and wore an expression of cool, intelligent self-confidence. The shorter one's pear-shaped face peered nervously through a pair of thick-lensed glasses as he waddled along on a pair of bandy legs supporting a flabby body which seemed to be held together by a cheap, threadbare suit The old, hunchbacked proprietor of the shop smiled to himself when he saw them. It was, he thought, rather like seeing Rock Hudson take a stroll with Donald Duck. Then, beaming, he held out his hand and hurried to the tall man. "Artie, my boy! It's good to see you again What brings you to my humble establishment? And who is your distinguished-looking friend?"

Artful Artie Cullingwood smiled and shook the old man's hand "Hiya, Wizard. You're looking great, even uglier than usual."

He turned to his stocky companion. "Wiz, I'd like you to meet Professor Aristotle Twiddlethumbs, Curator of the Ancient History Division of the County Museum. Professor, the Wizard."

The Wizard offered his hand eagerly. "At your service, sir. It's always a pleasure to meet a fellow scholar, though how you could have possibly come in contact with Artie is beyond my comprehension."

Professor Twiddlethumbs gave the Wizard a shrewd once-over as they shook hands. "And I, sir, am delighted to make the acquaintance of

a practitioner of — ha-ha — Black Magic. You see our young friend here has been telling me some fantastic nonsense about your having supernatural powers. Of course, as a man of science, I knew that he was merely pulling my leg, but just out of idle curiosity . . ."

The old man nodded understandingly. "I see. You thought it would be fun to come down here and prove me a fraud."

The Professor looked uncomfortable. "N-no, not exactly. You see, I have an open mind as far as supernatural phenomena is concerned, and, er, well . . ." He turned to Artie for assistance.

"What the Professor means," Artie said smoothly, "Is that he would like to employ your services, provided that you can convince him you really have the powers I've told him about."

Twiddlethumbs nodded and the Wizard chuckled secretly to himself. Oh, that Artie was a sly one! Obviously, he wanted something that required the help of the Dark One. But he was to clever to endanger his own soul by dealing directly, so he had gotten this poor innocent to do the dirty work. Well, it wasn't the old hunchback's duty to comment on another man's ethics; he was too happy to have the business steered his way. "Very well, then, Professor," he said briskly. "What sort of a demonstration would you prefer? Like me to materialize a million dollars in your pockets? Or should I have this room burst into flame and then restore it to normal?"

"No, tricks like that are too easy to fake," Professor Twiddlethumbs said "Artie, tell him what we want. If he can grant that I'll believe in his powers and agree to whatever price he asks."

"It's like this, Wiz," explained Artie. "The Professor has just translated some old Egyptian hieroglyphics found on a rock out in the Sahara Desert. According to them there's a huge city someplace around there that's been burried under the sand for about four thousand years. In this city is the palace and tomb of Pharaoh Tut-Tut-Tut, the grandson of King Tut. He was one of the richest men in the world and the place is just loaded with gold and precious jewels." Artie's eyes gleamed with greed as he mentioned the treasures and the Wizard knew what his interest in finding the lost city was.

"Of course we don't care about the monetary value of these things," Twiddlethumbs said earnestly. "We only want to recover them for their usefullness in scientific and historical research."

"Of course," the Wizard said, with an understanding wink to Artie. Then he rubbed his jaw thoughtfully. "I'm afraid I can't help you find the city's present location." The Professor gave Artie a smug glance and the Wizard added quickly, "But I can offer you another solution to your problem, if you're willing to risk it."

"What's that?" asked Artie.

"I can send you back through time to the place before it became covered with sand." The two men stared unbelievingly at him. "Yes, strange as it may seem, I have in the back room a machine that can transport living beings through time. It was invented by a young man named Pomeroy. He came to me for help in finishing it then left it here when he went away."

"No kidding?" said Artie. "What became of him?"

The Wizard coughed and looked away. "Oh, you never can tell about these absent-minded scientists. He probably got interested in another invention and forgot about it. Well, Professor, would you like to give it a try?"

Professor Twiddlethumbs's eyes were shining with eagerness. "A time machine, how fascinating! Just think, one could go back and actually witness the great events of history as they happen — the Battle of Waterloo, the rise and fall of the Roman Empire, the invention of writing, even the dawn of civilization itself. Why, any historian in the world would give his very soul for an opportunity like this!"

"It's a deal!" The Wizard said quickly.

"Not so fast," said Artie. "You can't take advantage of my friends. Two years off of his life span should be a fair price."

"Oh, all right," the Wizard said sulkily. "Make it three years, then." He led them to the musty back room. In one corner, surrounded by stacks of old books and magazines, stood a shiny metal box about four feet square. The old hunchback went to it and picked up a thick plastic belt containing several dials and switches. "Here, Professor, buckle this around your waist. The box provides the power, but the belt is the control. Set this little dial for the year you want, and then turn this switch to the right."

Twiddlethumbs's fingers trembled with excitement as he buckled the belt. "I can hardly wait! Just think, now I can discover if Shakespeare was really Bacon or not." He set the dial for 2,000 B.C., then paused and looked anxiously at the Wizard. "Are you sure there's no danger involved in this?"

The old man didn't look him in the eye as he answered, "Oh, it's absolutely guaranteed. You have nothing to worry about as long as you're careful."

"All right, then," said the Professor. He took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "Here goes!" He threw the switch. For a moment he seemed to blur before their eyes, then faded quickly from sight. Artie shivered. "Wow, what a spooky gadget. How long will we have to wait before he gets back?"

"Hard to say," answered the Wizard. "Time travel is a funny business. Sometimes hours spent in another era pass like seconds here, and vice-versa. Care to read a good book while we're waiting?"

Professor Twiddlethumbs opened his eyes to find himself in a huge room made of stone blocks and supported by marble columns. About a hundred feet away stood the room's only article of furniture — the largest and most luxuriously-decorated bed he had ever seen. The frame was of gold studded with diamonds and rubies and the passionate embraces of the nude male and female figures

CONTINUED

carved on it made him blush with embarrassment. And when he noticed the bed's occupant he blushed even more. Lounging on the silken sheets was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Her lush, voluptous figure was covered only by a serpent-shaped headband. She was so classically lovely, and her skin was such a rich brown color, that he thought at first she must be a golden statue, like several others around the room. But as he stood gaping she suddenly awoke and sat up quickly.

"Er, excuse me, Miss," he said nervously. "Sorry to have barged in on you like this. You see, I'm a time traveler and I seem to have lost my way. Could you direct me to . . ."

"A time traveler!" the woman said, leaping from bed with a happy smile. "Johnny must have sent you. How sweet of him! He knows how I love you men from the Twentieth Century." She started toward him eagerly.

Twiddlethumbs backed away. "Oh, no! There must be some mistake. I don't know any Johnny. I'm just a poor historian here to do some on the spot research."

"I know," she said, stalking him relentlessly. "You've come to find out if the stories you heard about Cleopatra's romantic talents are true Well, honey, let me tell you that you ain't heard nothing yet. Come on to bed and I'll prove it."

"Cleopatra?" The professor was so astonished that he stopped in his tracks, allowing her to corner him against the wall.

"In person, sweetie." She advanced on him with eyes shining. "And you can't guess how glad I am to see you. With Caesar getting himself chopped up and Anthony off fighting battles, a real man is hard to come by these days." She threw her arms around him and kissed him hotly. "Oh, sugar," she moaned, trying to lead him to the bed. "What beautiful music we'll make together!"

He finally managed to tear himself away from her and cowered back against the wall. "Please! I'm a scholar, not a lover. The Board of Directors at the museum would be furious if they heard of this."

The beautiful woman eyed him angrily. "So, you would scorn the love of Cleopatra? We shall see about that. Guards!" At the end of the room a door opened and in marched a dozen gigantic Nubians with swords drawn. "Well?" Cleopatra said haughtily. "Which will it be — them or me?"

Aristotole Twiddlethumbs's gaze swung from the proud queen's perfect figure to the razor-sharp blades and back again. "Race you to the bed," he said meekly.

It was hours later before he was able to creep weakly out of bed and buckle on the time belt again. Cleopatra was sleeping with a contented smile on her face and even he had to admit that the experience hadn't been too unpleasant — the first five times. He shuddered at the memory of her insatiable lust and re-set the dial on the belt.

Artie gasped when the stocky little man re-appeared before him. "Professor! What happened to you?"

"Never mind," croaked Twiddlethumbs. "Just get me some black coffee, quick. And some food - oysters, preferably." As Artie started out the Wizard entered and the Professor jabbed an accusing finger at him. "You, sir! You, you . . . panderer! What kind of a fiendish contraption is this?"

"Well, after all, nobody's perfect," the Wizard said defensively. "I suppose I should have told you that the machine still has a few bugs to be ironed out, but I didn't think it was important."

After the Professor had calmed down and refreshed himself with food and coffee he told Artie and the Wizard about his experience. "Cleopatra, huh?" Artie said, his eyes lighting up. "Prof, this job is too dangerous for you. Give me the belt and I'll make the next trip."

"No," said the Professor. "I feel all right now, and I doubt that the machine could make another mistake like that again." He set the dial for 4,000 B.C. "There, that should put me in the right millennium, since the last trip was two thousand years ahead of what I aimed at. Well, cherrio, fellows. Wish me luck."

When he had once more faded from sight Artie turned to the Wizard with a stern expression. "Now look, you old chiseler. You might be able to fool that square with double-talk about bugs in the machine, but you'd better level with me. What are you trying to hide? What did you do to the man who invented the machine? You can't tell me he'd just go off and leave something that valuable."

"But that's exactly what he did," insisted the Wizard. "He had his heart set on finding the lost continent of Atlantis. As soon as the machine was completed he put on one of those belts and went back to search for it."

Artie waited for the old man to finish the story. When he said no more he demanded, "So what happened then?"

"Nothing. He just never came back."

Artie stared at him. "You mean he's back there now — lost in time? And you let another man do the same thing? Haven't you any sense of decency?"

"Don't blame it all on me! You brought him here. I can't help it if I'm underhanded — it's in my contract."

"Okay, so we're both to blame," Artie said, sinking down on an empty box. "But if he doesn't come back from this trip all right I'm going to smash that damned machine, so that you won't be able to trap anyone else in it."

When Professor Twiddlethumbs again materialized he uttered a frightened cry, thinking that he was once more in Cleopatra's bedchamber Then he saw that the room was smaller and cruder, although it too contained a large and richly-decorated bed. He breathed a grateful sigh when he saw that the bed was empty, but his relief was short-lived. "Oh, goodie-goodie, a man," a delighted female voice cried behind him. "I knew Johnny wouldn't forget me."

With a groan of dismay, he turned

and beheld a tall blonde even more beautiful and shapely than Cleopatra. And she wore even less than the Egyptian queen had. He backed away rapidly as she advanced toward him. "Oh, please, Miss, not again in the same day! All I want to do is find the lost city of Tut-Tut-Tut."

"Don't tut-tut-tut me," she snapped, catching up with him at the foot of the bed. "I've had enough moralizing from the old hags around here. What I want now is a man. You can't imagine how lonely I've been, with all of the Greeks and Trojans off fighting over me." She caught him in a half-nelson and flung him onto the bed.

"Greeks, Trojans?" the Professor sputtered. "Does that mean that you are Helen of Troy?"

"In the flesh, buster. See?" She threw off her gown and, completely nude, dived at him. He managed to roll aside and she came up with an armfull of bedclothes. "Quit playing games!" she shouted as he went over the other side of the bed and ran for the door. "Guards!" Helen called. Twiddlethumbs came to a screeching halt as the door opened ahead of him and a dozen gigantic Trojans with drawn swords entered. Helen came up to him. "Well?"

"I know, I know," he said wearily. "Them or you. You win, my dear. But please tell them to put away those swords."

Artie jumped up excitedly as the bedraggled professor once more appeared in the Wizard's storeroom. "Thank heaven you're back Prof! Take off that belt while you're still safe." He quickly told him about the inventor's disappearance. But to his surprise, Twiddlethumbs refused to abandon his search.

"I must find the lost city," the little man said stubbornly, although his eyes were glazed and his entire body trembled with exhaustion. "Everyone calls me a crackpot for believing it ever existed, and if I don't come up with it I'll be a laughingstock." Before Artie or the Wizard could stop him he threw the switch and faded away.

This time when the Professor appeared in an ancient bedroom he wasn't alone with a beautiful, sex-starved woman. There were hundreds of them. "Oooo, a man! they squealed happily, coming at him from all sides. "Please!" he cried, looking around desperately. "Call the guards! This time I'll take their swords."

"What the hell's going on here?" a voice behind him called. Into the room strode a short, scrawny young man wearing glasses with even thicker lenses than the Professor's. The girls all drew back and fell to their knees respectfully before him. When he saw Twiddlethumbs he rushed forward and pumped his hand gleefully. "Another American! I knew somebody else would have the courage to try my time machine. Welcome to Atlantis. I'm Johnny Pomeroy."

Twiddlethumbs managed to stammer his own name then stared at Pomeroy in surprise. "So you're the Johnny that Helen and Cleopatra spoke of. But how can this be Atlantis? It sank into the ocean thousands of years ago."

"No, that hasn't happened yet, and it never will for me, because I keep setting time back." He pointed to a belt around his waist that was identical to the one the Professor wore. "Well, I see you've already met my harem, although I don't guess you're interested in that sort of thing, after a session with Helen and Cleo. Come on down to the banquet room and we'll have a bite while you tell me about yourself."

Twiddlethumbs stared bug-eyed as the thin man led him through palace halls even more ornate and luxurious than those of Egypt or Troy. In the huge banquet room naked serving girls brought them trays of food and wine while others sang and danced for them. After he had told his own story he said, "I'm glad to see that you've done so well for yourself, Mr. Pomeroy. But how did you manage it?"

Pomeroy leaned back his head to allow one of the girls to pour wine down his throat. "No problem. The Atlantans knew that the continent was going to sink within a few months when I arrived and when I convinced them that I could delay it indefinately they made me their king. Say, I like your idea of finding Tut-Tut-Tut's place. Lost cities are my hobby — Atlantis, Troy, Mucha-Picha, Philadelphia . . ."

"Philadelphia?" exclaimed Twiddlethumbs.

Yeah, man, that town's nowhere, heh-heh-heh. But seriously, why don't you stay here with me? I need somebody to help me rule the country and handle some of the scientific research I'm doing. We can go anyplace in time we want to, and for relaxation, we can always come back here and frolic with the girls."

Twiddlethumbs was about to refuse the offer when he thought of the hard work and low pay involved in his job at the museum. And the women back home had always laughed at him because he was so homely and untidy. Then he looked around at the rich palace and lovely girls, eager to obey his slightest wish. Without a word he reached over and shook hands with King Johnny Pomeroy.

Back in the Wizard's storeroom Artie paced the floor restlessly. Suddenly he whirled angrily on the Wizard, who was calmly reading a book in one corner. "Don't just sit there, you old bag of maggots, do something! He's been gone for hours."

"There's nothing I can do," the old man said. "I don't know anything about the machine."

Artie shook his head saddly. "The poor Professor! I'll never forgive myself for getting him into this. What do you suppose happened to him? You think maybe he got stuck in the Middle Ages and they burned him as a witch? Or maybe he was killed in one of those old battles he wanted to watch."

"I don't guess we'll ever know," the Wizard said. "You may as well go home now. I'll keep the machine in a safe place and let you know if anything developes."

"Yeah," said Artie. "The poor old guy." He walked out of the room wondering what tragic end the little historian could have met

" . . . and Exercise did it all!"

The swinging pictures which surround these written words were sent in by a local professional photographer, along with the following note. We think you'll get a charge out of the note . . . and if you don't get a charge out of the photos,

you'd better renew your subscription to *Boys Life* and forget about things like *Baby Doll* for a while!

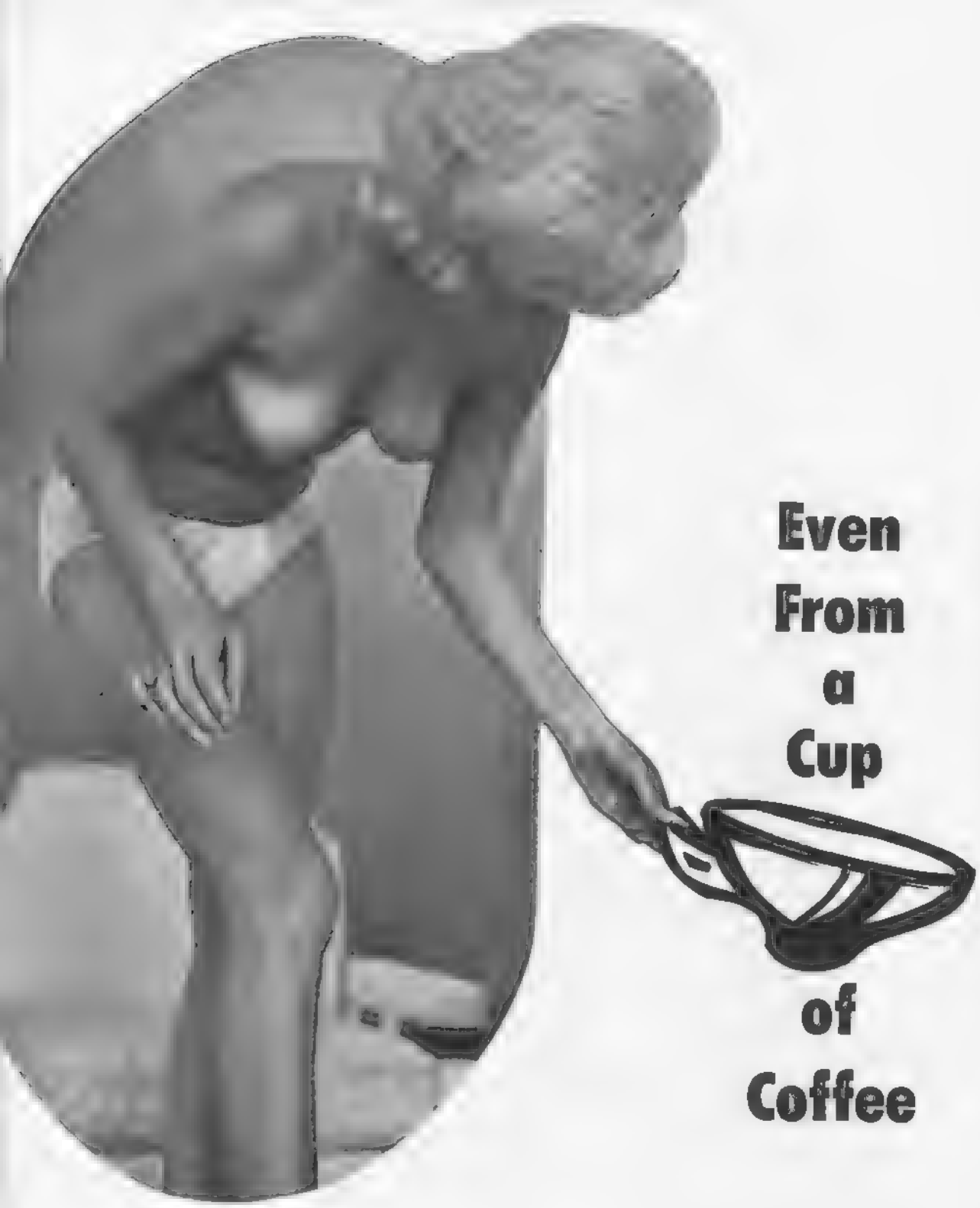
Anyway, here is what the note said:

"*To whom it may concern:*

I, Katerina La Monica, am employed by the V - - T - - - - Systems of Physical Culture. When I first went to V - - T - - - - I was truly a '97-pound weakling.' I was five feet, six inches tall, I had a terrible posture, and my measurements were 33-26-36. I only weighed about 100 pounds, and my skin was bad, besides. I was about at my wits end, trying to build myself up. Besides, I always had colds, too.

Then I Started at the V - - T - - - - systems. I worked out diligently. I lifted the weights, I did the exercises, I followed all the directions. I have been doing this for about a year and a half now, and I can honestly say that practically all my troubles are over. I learned how to erect my posture, I gained weight, and now my 'vital statistics' are: five feet, eight inches tall, 130 pounds, and I measure 39-24-36. On top of that, the nicest thing is that since I started going with one of the male instructors here at the Gym, my skin has cleared up and I haven't had a cold in months and months."

The results of exercise, quite obviously, are excellently outlined above. But do you think she's trying to tell us something?



Even
From
a
Cup
of
Coffee

In our town, on May 30, 1924, the parade didn't exactly rush headlong down Lincoln Avenue. Moseying along out in front was a skinny old bird stuck like a clothespin onto the back of a bony mildewed white nag. He was wearing a washed-out blue uniform and a crazy long sword never stopped rattling against him and that horse.

I kept expecting the wind to whip this geezer's big floppy hat off and every once in a while his saddle would give out a screech when he screwed himself around to fix his good eye on the out-of-step squad of seedy characters meandering along behind him. Most of these old creeps had on the same beat-up blue outfits and the stink of mothballs was enough to knock you off the curb.

Then I got a squint at the reason why this parade was really dragging. One of these antique GIs was wearing gray and, poking out of one of his pants legs, was nothing but the stub end of a fat stick.

I never did see the rest of that show. I ducked out of there fast so's nobody could see the sloppy tears messing up my face. A ten-year-old kid don't have no idea of what it is in himself that he turns his back on at a time like that. All he knows is that there ain't no room in his gang for softies. From that day on I made it my business to toughen up like just about everybody kept telling me I should.

By the time World War II came along, I was so hard it would bruise your eyes to look at me. Making line sergeant took no sweat and, if I do say so myself, I sure built guts into plenty of thin-skinned kids. You didn't catch none of my men reading poetry or goofing off to those long-hair concerts they used to sneak into the camps.

Then came the day I got my ruptured duck and the rest of my campaign ribbons and that valentine from Harry which ended ". . . we now look to you for leadership and example in further exalting our country in peace." Back home, I got together with some of my buddies and it didn't take long for the town, police department and all, to find out we were around again.

The company I'd been working for when I got drafted had a deadline after which they wouldn't feel obliged to rehire me. I made it into the plant on the last day but I didn't stay long. No 4-F foreman was going to boss me around and, when the shop steward got to talking to me like some management fink, I told them both where they could shove their stinking job.

I banged around from one cheap job to another and found myself, in 1958, up the well known creek with a lot of other vets. The Recession was on and I had nothing to show for those last twelve years of my life. I'd just about given up trying to latch onto anything big, yet I'd be damned if I didn't want something more out of life than I was getting.

Like I said, I wasn't alone. Take Charlie, Frinstance. He was a sad sack if ever I saw one. Last week you wouldn't have given him a second look. You wouldn't have wondered about him at all. He looked just like any other miserable married joker who was probably still young enough but in no particular hurry to get home.

I generally chow up at what's now **The Elite Business Men's Food Bar.** Some name, for a side-street lunchroom, but then The Greek had had a peculiar spell after Mae came to work for him and he'd put in a TV and gas heat. We kidded him about the new sign and put up with a lot more of his new-fangled altercations, but the stools stayed!

These stools at the **Elite** don't have no backs on them. They're just round wooden-topped jobs, no padding or nothing like that. They're rugged, and the supports, Mae calls them pedestals; anyhow, these pedestals ain't made from a half a differential housing like I've seen in some greasy spoons. In the **Elite** they're white enameled and they've got genuine solid brass footrests bolted on near the bottoms. There's a way you can sit upon the edge of one of these stools with your heels hooked over the footrest so's a narrow rounded molding, out of sight below the top of the counter, will press in below your kneecaps in just the right spot.

The Greek fixed the short orders and he's always had some girl or other behind the counter with him to help take care of the customers. These dames had been mostly drifters or hustlers down on their luck and like as not, come Monday, they wouldn't bother to show up again. The first thing The Greek had a new girl do was take the **Waitress Wanted** sign out of the window. We used to look for that sign again every Monday. We always figured that the next chick could be an improvement; that is, until Mae came.

This Mae was no kid but she had a swell build and lots of class too. She had a way of sizing up a guy at a glance that made you have a lot of respect for her. A week after Mae started to work, there was flowers in the window every day and neat bowls of sugar lumps instead of the old sticky shakers and business began to pick up. Most of the new customers made a play for Mae right off but got no place with her. She was friendly enough and good-hearted, too. It was simply that she didn't seem to have much use for the way most of the men talked to her at first.

So, yesterday evening, when I stopped in at the **Elite** and ordered a cup of coffee, I seen this Charlie sitting up on the end stool next to the window, as usual; only nobody would ever take him for a sad sack now. He was wearing the same old green jacket with Friedhaber's Bakery stitched in red across the back and he sat there quiet, like he always did; but he had this new look in his eyes that was sort of proud and happy and gentle all mixed up together. Hell, I can't tell you what kind of a look it was. You'd have to see it for yourself. You'd have known somehow, too, that Charlie had latched onto something big.

"Hey, Charlie!" I piped up. "You look like you got it made."

"Yeah," he said

"Find a million bucks?" I asked.

Charlie just smiled to himself.

"Been getting some strange then?" I kept after him.

Pretty soon, Charlie said, "There's more to it than that."

"You'd think old Friedhaber'd get wise and switch to trucks," I remarked, still trying to make conversation. "It would get you around quicker on your route and, besides, imagine the pile of money he could have saved all these years. He must be nuts to keep on pampering a stable full of those hay burners."

"Think so?" was all that Charlie said.

Now the horse out front of the **Elite** was no crowbait. He was big and dignified and he made the half-pint bakery wagon behind him look like a toy. It was cold out there but he didn't seem to mind. He raised his head and I saw his nostrils shake and smoke as he gave out with a long loud snort you could hear inside the **Elite**. Then his muscles began to tense all over him and he pranced his hind legs into a straddle and let it go. He flushed half the street and, before he was done, a cloud of vapor had rose up around him.

I turned from looking out the window and watched Mae shove a cup under the urn and let down a stream of hot steaming coffee. When she passed it to me, I couldn't touch it. Then Mae put another cup of coffee down in front of Charlie. He was busy looking at her bosom. She smiled at him for a moment and then went to wait on some other customers.

"Sure is everywhere," he said.

By now I was pretty well fed up with this Charlie's mysterious cracks and everything else that was going on. The whole place was nuts and I wanted to get away from there quick; but I couldn't get over that look in Charlie's eyes. I just had to find out what was sending him like that.

"You married?" Charlie asked after awhile

"Maybe," I said.

"Don't have to be married or shacked up to know about it though," he went on. "It's everywhere all the time. It's beginning to get to Edie now, too."

More screwball talk — but I saw that Charlie might be getting around to tell me something now and there could be more to it than just a lot of bull about making some dame.

"Edie the new dish?" I asked, real friendly like.

"I'm Edie's husband," Charlie said and he sure didn't sound like he was complaining.

It hit me funny how Charlie put that like he did, instead of telling me that the dame was his wife or that he was married to her, like a lot of guys would. I'd always figured that it all amounted to the same thing, but right then something started getting across to me from Charlie and when he saw the sort of smile I had on my face he smiled right back at me.

When I first met Edie," Charlie began, "her folks objected to me taking her out alone or even calling on her every night. So I used to sit in my car in front of her house when they kept me out. If Edie went out, it was going to be with me!

"It didn't take long for me to get around to telling Edie that I wanted her for my wife. I would have married her on the spot but she told me how it was only proper for us to be engaged for a while first. Besides, I could take her out alone now, which is what I did every chance I got

"I was suspicious of this business of being engaged and it turned out to be worse than I'd figured. I was seeing Edie all the time now but it was driving me nuts. When we spent an evening at her house, her folks watched us like a couple of hawks; and when I got her out alone, well . . ."

"Lots of engaged couples we knew did plenty of cheating together and I don't suppose it hurt them none. Sometimes they had to get married a lot quicker than they'd planned but I wouldn't have minded that with Edie. I tossed a few hints to her about us maybe cheating a little too but she acted like she had no idea what I was talking about. You can't just talk a girl into something like that but there was still plenty of places on Edie that I didn't have the nerve to touch, not on Edie, I didn't!

"So I kidded myself into feeling noble on account of how straight I was playing it with Edie. On top of it all, she sure was some doll. Plenty of guys were just waiting for it to break up between Edie and me.

"That's where Edie got the edge on me, while we was engaged. Talk about me giving Edie ideas about what we might do while we was engaged, hell, Edie had her own ideas! Every day I got another dose. They wasn't exactly altogether Edie's own ideas either. You see, she had a book!

Right away Edie started learning me out of this book how to behave, even in places I'd never been or ever expected to be. I asked her if maybe I should start taking polo lessons but did she take it like a joke? Women sure bawl over nothing at all sometimes and almost anything can start them off with the old you-don't-love-me-anymore routine.

"From then on, Edie began to use this book to back up airs you'd have thought she'd been born with. I never said nothing, just let he do it, picking on me all the time about what to do and what not to do. The what-not-to-do part was the worst. A guy gets into the habit of being happy liking what he likes then all of a sudden he falls in love with a girl like Edie and he finds out he's vulgar. I even got to feeling guilty when I caught myself still liking most of the things I used to and I couldn't help getting mad at myself for feeling guilty.

"I don't know if you can understand how I felt. I tried hard to please Edie but I just kept getting more and more mixed up inside and knew that I could never be all she wanted me to be. I was pretty sure Edie was getting plenty mixed up too but you'd never have guessed it to listen to her. She had this book to spout from and no end of friends as well as her folks to give her high-toned advice, though I couldn't see that they'd ever used much of it themselves.

"Well, there wasn't anything I wouldn't have done those days to please Edie. I wanted her so bad that I didn't balk when she started making me take her to ballet shows and concerts and museums like mad. She kept insisting that if you didn't dig this culture stuff you were a nobody. When she asked me how I

liked it all, I made the mistake of admiting that I didn't mind the ballet. She gave me a look that told me she knew why I liked the ballet and of course she was right. After that, I just looked through the newspapers and cut out the parts where somebody or other wrote something nice about the goings on in the culture racket. Edie was real pleased.

"I waited and put up with everything and sort of held my breath for months. It may sound nuts, but every now and then I'd get the notion that I'd be better off to just walk out on the whole mess. Then Edie would act real pleased with me over something or other and I knew I'd never give her up. So I sweated it out, thinking to myself that it was like baseball and that my inning was coming up and, once I got to bat, oh man!

"This business of being engaged finally got to the point where Edie's friends began losing interest. We didn't get envied so much and I wasn't looked over any more like I was some sort of an exhibit. But Edie wasn't the one to let it get away from her, not Edie! We got hitched.

"It happened in a high-falutin' church with all the fancy trimmings. When the music started, Edie marched up slow, hanging onto her old man's arm and I could see her girl friends giving her the once over. I knew they were saying the same dumb things they always said when one of them middle-aisles it. Maybe Edie was sweet and innocent, but nothing was getting past her. Somebody was going to catch particular hell if everything didn't go exactly according to the book.

"Me? I just stood there like I'd never had a pair of hands before. I hardly knew what was happening to me until it was all over and I felt a big lump come up in my throat because Edie was smiling up at me and hadn't scolded me even once. She said I'd behaved just wonderful and Ronald Coleman, himself, couldn't have done better. I got all tingly inside and so full of love for Edie that I could have punched them all in the nose.

"We beat it from the reception as soon as we got the chance and dragged a bunch of tin cans and worn-out shoes behind my old car all the way to the little flat I'd rented. I sat on the edge of the bed in my pajamas, running my fingers over a ruffly pink lace nighty that was hanging over a chair and waited. When Edie came out of the bathroom wearing the new housecoat I'd bought her, I couldn't believe my eyes because, in her hand, she was carrying another damn book!

Brother, Edie never got the chance to spout to me then! I didn't need instructions from no book to tell me how to do what was coming next. I snatched that book away from her and threw it down the incinerator. Edie was crying when I came back into the bedroom. I don't think she ever stopped crying the rest of that night.

"When our first baby came, I used to look at it and wonder. If Edie and I had ever got together, even just once, and had had one little moment of the sort of loving I thought our being married would bring, I wouldn't have been so puzzled. But here was this baby, and what Edie had put up with from me had been all that it took. It was Edie's baby from the beginning. I was only its father and Edie gave me to understand that there was something about me that would contaminate my son.

"Lots of Edie's friends came to see that baby. None of them understood how I felt about it. They never asked me because they were so busy reminding me how they'd advised me to be patient with Edie. Hadn't it been worth it?

"That's when I let them have it. The hell it had been worth it! So Edie wouldn't be so bitchy once she'd had her baby? Oh yeah! Edie sure got a lot of sympathy from her friends on account of what a heel I'd turned out to be. And the way Edie used to talk to that baby about me and keep me from even touching him, you'd have thought she figured that the little guy was on her side too.

Maybe Edie could keep me from touching the baby, but a husband has some lawful rights; so Edie had another baby, a girl this time. Marie is five already, going on six. She'll be in school in the fall. Now, Edie wants another baby. When she began hinting, I told her off. There was only one way she could have another baby by me and we hadn't done anything like that for a hell of a while, not since before Marie was born.

"You can believe what you want to, but Edie had got me so disgusted with that sort of thing that I didn't even look for it anywhere else. I mean I was really fed up. As far as I was concerned, I was stuck with a couple of kids and a wife and I'd be damned if I was going to get in any deeper. I was licked and I knew it.

"Funny thing about women, though. They've always got a card or two up their sleeves that they never play until they have to. I watched Edie begin to give me a phony deal. It wasn't like she tried to seduce me or anything like that, at first. It was just any number of little things she'd do for me that she thought wouldn't be too obvious. It wasn't exactly what she did either; it was mostly what she didn't do. She quit nagging me like she used to and gave up saying sarcastic things about me to the kids.

"I kept on remembering the times Edie'd been pregnant and what a hell it had been to be in the same house with her; but when I'd come home now it was harder to stay mad at her. She was being real swell to me, and the kids and me were beginning to mean a lot to each other. We had a real happy home except for the distance Edie and I still kept between us. Edie wasn't keeping the distance on her part, though. It was me who was being stubborn.

"Marie had been hinting about having a bed to herself. It meant that, if she quit sleeping with her mother, I'd have to give her my bed. It was a good an excuse as any. When I mentioned it to Edie, we both knew what would happen if I ever got into bed again with her. And what do you suppose Edie said? She told me that maybe we could make love again but plan not to have another baby for a while. She

Continued on Page 87

ECYDISIAST DOLL

Translation of above . . . stripper! Named Kimberley, and she's one of the most relaxed dolls around. The photos on these pages were taken in a *very candid* session at Kimberley's pad. One of the writers for this magazine was interviewing the young lady on the life, trails, tribulations and thrillations of a stripper's life.

Now, most of our readers are fairly hip lads . . . but this Baby Doll really shook our boy up!

To begin with, he was greeted at the door by a smiling Kim . . . who was wearing only a smile. This is a hell of a way to start the day! Then, as the interview progressed, Kim's expounding on life and love, mores and morals, and "who does what to whom, and who pays" caused our interviewer to feel like he was caught in a large oven without a fan. This, as we said, is a real relaxed doll! But like the man says, all good things must come to an end, and our writer started to pack up his pad and depart. Kimberley, however, had one or two other ideas. Her comments about the fact that she rarely was interviewed without pictures became pretty salty . . . to say the least! So the writer Joe got out his little box brownie and snapped a few choice remembrance items. After looking them over, we can see that Kim is a Baby Doll well worth remembering! We couldn't use the interview . . . but the view is terrific!

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As the clock struck six, buxom Marina Wickwire slammed down her novel and hurried to the kitchen to scare up something for her husband's dinner.

"Damn," she muttered as she surveyed the sink full of dirty dishes. "With a man like Thad, there is no incentive. He may be a ball of fire in the courtroom, but he's just a burned-out ember in the boudoir."

She pushed at the shaggy mongrel nipping playfully at her feet. "We don't wear well," she said to the friendly beast, reaching down to pat it. "It's just like when we got you, Flair. You were soft, cuddly, and loveable. But look at you now. Just a common, ordinary everyday mutt. Just like Thad and me. We're ordinary, dull, and mundane."

Before she had time to set the table, Thad Wickwire walked through the front door, his briefcase and hat in one hand, a florist's box in the other. The long mirror over the fireplace reflected a rather heavy-set man in an impeccably fitted tweed suit. He had a tanned face and a neat mustache, and blond rather thin hair

Drying her hands on a flowered apron, now faded, Marina accepted his kiss on her cheek, took the box from him and smiled warmly. She was determined to play out the absurd drama.

"Guilty conscience?" she teased.

"Not exactly, Marina. Anniversary. Our tenth, y'know."

Nonplussed, though she had forgotten the date, she untied the silver ribbon and removed an exquisite orchid corsage. "Why, Thad . . ." she broke off awkwardly.

"We're invited to a party, Marina. Don't suppose you'll want to go." He disappeared behind the evening paper.

"Why ever didn't you let me know earlier?" she exploded. "Look what a mess I am. It'd take hours for me to look presentable."

"Didn't think you'd want to go." He knocked off the ash from his cigarette.

"Didn't think I'd want to go? Do you think I like being buried alive?"

"Calm down now, Marina. There's plenty of time." He cleared his throat, frowned. "This isn't an ordinary party."

Good, she thought. She was sick of ordinary parties. She dabbed at her nails with coral polish.

He puffed at his cigarette hard. "It's sort of a club, this party tonight. Some folks call it a 'cult.'"

"I don't care if it's a hog-calling club. It'd beat looking at the four walls."

Thad leaned forward, clasping his stomach. "Most men, Marina, at one time or another, consider an extra marital liason a necessary adjunct to their lives and expect their wives to understand," he began in an oratory usually reserved for the jury.

Marina wanted to laugh for it was funny, to cry because it was pathetic to imagine this proper yo-yo of hers in a compromising situation.

"Are you trying to tell me you are having an affair, Thad?"

"No. My sense of what's right would not permit that. The emotional havoc wrought by such indiscretion would necessarily haunt a level-headed man such

as myself with an overpowering sense of guilt."

"Get to the point for gosh sakes," she snapped. "I though we were going to a party, not sit here all night discussing the morals and sex-life of the 'level headed' American male."

Thad lit another cigarette from the butt of the other one, puffed thoughtfully a moment, then said, "We're in an awful rut, aren't we, Marina?"

She nodded absently, began working on her make-up. Her hair had been bleached, was going black at the roots.

"You find me dull," he went on. "There are things I don't exactly like about you." He drew a line through the dust on the end table. "This sloppy house, for instance."

Go on, nag, she fumed inwardly. Nag, nag, nag, that was all the bastard was good for.

He explained to her that she didn't understand that their marriage had gone stale. She had let herself get dowdy and lackadaisical He coughed, fidgeted. "And I've been on help," he added.

"You can say that again." She glanced at her figure in the mirror, shuddered She was becoming rather too plump, she admitted. "Get to the point, Windy," she said out of the corner of her mouth

"This party, er — er club, — it's a group of people, successful people just like us. Well, they get together every few weeks to break the monotony. It's an inner circle where you learn to communicate and express yourself without scruples. Your tensions are alleviated this way, and —"

"Oh, Christ, will you stop indulging in subterranean symbols or something? What the hell are you driving at?"

"Well, at this club they — they go to bed with each other's mates You sort of swap me temporarily for somebody else and vice versa."

Marina's mouth flapped open.

The club met at Doctor Quinn's hilltop home, a physician Marina had know for several years as a man of flawless reputation. From all appearances, it was exactly like any other soft-lit cocktail party.

That was until . . .

After a few rounds of drinks, Marina and Thad along with two other new couples, were asked to join the hostess in a separate room There their clothes were exchanged for Japanese silk robes and scuffies. As they returned to the rumpus room, the lights dwindled and flared again in dimly swaying shadows of blue and carmine.

"We welcome six new pledges tonight," their hostess said in a stage whisper. Marina felt the robe being removed from her shoulders by strong hands. She stood in the center of the room shivering, not from fright, but from an inner excitement like heady wine.

A soft light caught her breasts, playing up and down her plump body. She threw back her head and stared as though into the heavens, a dark, defiant, hungry silhouette, searching for love in the stars. There were muffled sighs and ahs from the guests.

Then firm hands again covered her body with her robe and she was led to a divan where a broad-shouldered youngish fellow named Skip Riley soon had her engaged in conversation.

"Having fun?" he asked, touching his glass of champagne to hers.

"Wonderful," she said, giddily.

A touching of hands — a whispered breathlessness between them. Then Skip was leading her up the stairs into a lavish mirror lined bedroom.

"We mustn't," she said as he fumbled with her robe.

He did not give her a chance to say more but carried her easily to the oversized bed. She did not resist but threw her love-starved body back into his arms. He kissed her, their tongues did battle and she knew the spiraling ecstacies of all the heavens, all the wonders of the world, the stars and suns of every eternity rolled into one. Her face became flushed, her breathing rapid, and her heart was going thump, thump . . .

One hour later, she lay in his arms, completely spent. Yet even in her new contentment she felt displeasure with herself. She knew her body had lost its firmness, even though her breasts remained firm and round and very large, the pointed tips a cherry-red. She determined even then while still fired with a burning fog, to work on herself, to recapture the suppleness she once had. She did not feel she had cheapened herself or degraded herself in any way. It had all been so natural. She felt clean and wholesome as though in their love-making she had become enveloped in a purifying balm

Hers was a body hungry for sex, born to sex, a body that had to have sex. The nymph had unloosened her girdle to desire, and now there was no refastening it.

"It's such a glorious new world we have discovered," she whispered to her lover "I mean I wonder why we haven't always known it. I've always wanted to feel this way but never did. Let's do it again before I forget how."

"You won't forget, baby. You're just beginning to live," Skip answered, then kissed her again. "You're good, you know it?" His tongue searched for hers. "Ummm, damn' good," he sighed, deeply.

Then Marina felt herself being carried gloriously with the tides, even crooning lullabies with the moon. As their passion rose again, mounting higher and higher in a whirlpool of rose-colored delirium, she moaned her rapture aloud . . .

Much, much later they reluctantly joined the others downstairs In the hallway they met Thad and Marla Dunne, a pretty, young stenographer, coming from an adjoining bedroom . . .

The next morning Marina pitched into her housework with a fury born of joy Then she went to the highest-priced beauty salon she could find for a complete hair styling, arch, and manicure. She found a little studio featuring a massage technique guaranteed to remove excess weight. There she was given a slimming diet and she vowed she would stick with it.

The phone was ringing when she returned home. It was Skip, who said he would be busy for a few days Marina was disappointed he had not suggested coming over.

Ten minutes later the doorbell rang. It was Doctor Quinn, his medical bag in hand. They went to the living room where he opened his bag and produced a bottle of bourbon.

"I'm glad to see you're in the club," he said, sipping the tall drink Marina had mixed. "I'm sure you will not be sorry. Frustration is the worst emotional cripple we have to contend with today."

"You prescribe it then, do you, Doctor?"

"For certain more intelligent individuals, yes. It provides a healthy outlet and is a normal way of life unhampered by man-made rules and regulations that are necessary for the masses."

After finishing their drink Marina led the doctor into the bedroom.

He was very gentle.

He was also very experienced.

Marina thoroughly enjoyed herself.

And in the weeks ahead she found herself caught up in an amalgam of sun, sea and sex.

Skip attended the meeting four days after he had called Marina. Her heart skipped a beat as she saw him enter the room, his eyes combing the crowd, finally finding what he seemed to be searching for.

"Marina, how I have missed you — say, —" he gave a long, low whistle, "what have you been doing to yourself?"

"Like me?"

"Honey, you're beautiful. Turn your face." She did so. "Yes, you're just as pretty in profile."

"As pretty as what?"

He grinned. "As pretty as out of profile. Did you miss me?" He sat down beside her, his arm curved around her possessively. Under her robe the points of her breasts were becoming turgid, she could feel them growing more erect and hard by the minute. "Did you?" he urged

Without answering him she took him by the hand and they climbed the stairs to the bedroom they had shared before. She lay down, lifted her arms to him. "We have a lot of time to catch up. Yes, Skip darling, I've missed you awfully."

He took off his robe and lay beside her, his lips seeking her lips, the hollow of her throat, her breasts, her belly. She was shaking with desire as he took her. A sigh, almost a wail, yet low, came out of her throat. Her passion at last dissipated, her body relaxed and she lay breathing heavily; sweat was pouring from both of them.

It hadn't lasted long, she realized, though it had seemed forever. She had never known such joy as this young man brought to her. She could have lain in his arms forever.

They lay there silent, his hand toying with the nape of her neck. Mirana's eyes were wide and fixed as if she were in a trance, but took on consciousness when Skip's lips stopped a fraction of an inch from hers. Then her face was upturned to his, waiting for his kiss, his caresses. Her whole body gave in at once and her eyes took on a stare of ecstasy; her open mouth was soundless.

When it was over she slowly came back to life. The blood came back to her cheeks and then flushed into them and away again.

As the weeks passed it began to appear that Skip and Marina were making their relationship a permanent one. He always sought her out, even made side calls to her house. Once he told her that they were made for each other. All their meetings were not spent in making love. They found they had many things in common and spent many an evening conversing on their same likes and dislikes.

Sometimes after these more or less serious talks, they would go into the bedroom and with what seemed like terrible slowness to both of them they undressed each other. Hungrily, he buried his face in her breasts, taking a desire-swollen peak into his mouth.

And then she was swarming all over him. Her teeth nipped his shoulder. Their bodies locked in a passionate embrace. Suddenly her love-hungry sweaty, slippery body went taut, her eyes closed tight. Holding to each other, they shuddered out their ecstasy, and floated away together on a riptide of pleasure . . .

Thad, Marina knew, kept pretty busy himself, usually telling her the gist of his various rendevous. He managed to have his evening meal with her and frequently took her out to dine at one of the better restaurants. Afterwards, he would take her home, kiss her good night, and go out alone on the "social stroll."

Gradually Marina slimmed down, bought some new clothes. The change in her bowled her acquaintances over. Her house shone, and she began to take a new pride in her cooking

"Whatever has come over you, Marina?" a girl friend asked one day. "If I didn't know you better than that, I'd almost believe you had some fellow on the string."

Marina grinned slyly and kept her own counsel.

"Thad has changed, too," the friend continued. "He seems years younger and filled with new-found happiness and zest . . ."

One curious, capacious evening after they had been in the club a little over a year, Thad stretched out in the big chair by the fireplace, removing his shoes, and said, "I think I'll stay home tonight, dear."

"I believe I will, too. I had a couple of calls today, but it seems good to just be home." She was crouched like a child on a pile of bright pillows, and as Thad watched a friendly flame darted through the twilight and made stars in her eyes

"I've been considering withdrawing from the club, Marina." There was a long awkward pause. "I believe it's time for me to graduate."

"You mean you want to give up all the fun you've been having? You'd go back to that awful rut?"

"No. We wouldn't go back to that awful rut, Marina. But we don't have to go on living this way any longer either."

She looked at him as though he'd lost his marbles. "I thought you liked this way of life."

"I did. Very much." He grabbed her hand, stroking it. "Now I feel its function has been served. It was like a doctors prescription. You use it when you are sick, but when you have recovered, you no longer

.Continued on Page '67

A Real, Livin' Doll - LEILA

No, Deleila isn't her name, but it's really her trade! Jenny, who is pictured above just getting ready to rise and face another new, bright, beautiful day, is a lady barber! So Help Us Tillie the Toiler.

Jenny practices her "art" in a very exclusive shop in Beverly Hills. This is a very exclusive suburb of Los Angeles, which is a very exclusive suburb of the San Fernando Valley. All of this is suburb to Hollywood, which these days stretches from Malibu Beach to Rome. But enough of the geography lesson. Back to anatomy!

Every morning at eleven o'clock (see, we told you it was an exclusive type shop) Jenny slides her anatomy through the doors of this exclusive shop, where she usually finds a customer is waiting for her varied and exclusive talents.

While Jenny can cut hair with the best of them, and give a "straight" shave, her preference is for the French Twist type of tonsorial elegance. When Jenny starts this kind of action, she's so smooth that her customer hardly feels what she's doing . . . but before he knows, he's finished! And, as any of Jenny's customers will tell you, you know you've been done by a real expert!

THE INCENTIVE PLAN

Marla bounded toward him, eager and anxious. The very first movement convinced Fitch she meant business. She'd never been that aggressive toward him before.

He tussled with her on the couch, then on a large, soft rug. Her body was warm and pliant as it thrust against him. He was getting over her more every minute.

"Quite a difference," he said, still breathless from his grand celebration of her body.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Marla assured him.

"You must want that T-Bird badly." Fitch chuckled.

"I do, Baby. Some of the other goodies, too. I just have to work hard. Yesterday, the L.A. Police called while I was gone. Some bastard broke into my apartment and cleaned me out."

Fitch laughed aloud. "You mean you're stripped clean?"

"Yes, and you know how much I like little goodies." Tenderly, she edged his face into the warm luxury of her bosom. "Now you just relax while I call room service and get you a steak sandwich. I want you to be in good shape, lover. You and me's got a lot of commodities to catch up on."

Fitch was absolutely blissful as she dialed room service and put in the order. He could feel the pulsating pulse of her body through her breasts. Her free hand trailed expertly over his loin and Fitch settled back comfortably to enjoy more of that fine body and the incentive reward system.

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SLIM AND TRIM, BUT NOT SO PRIM

Most of the older-type westerns that are seen on the last, late show usually have the cliche in them that goes like this: pretty girl alights from stage coach . . . local cowpoke slides up to her and asks "Howdy Ma'am. Are you the new school marm?" This naturally leads to one thing and another . . . not always a plot, but what do you want for practically nothing?
Anyway, the beaming beauty on these pages really is "the new school marm." She's a schoolteacher . . .

and before you start looking up the records to see how you can get back into school, please be informed that her students are very, very little children. And she teaches them to ski!

That's right. This little Baby Doll is a professional ski instructor. And she isn't a "snow-bunny", either. Her downhill slaloms are pictures to behold! In fact, several men who have watched her perform have said that "when she goes down, it's just poetry in motion"! Of course, all her attention isn't focused on the little kids. Some pretty big kids have managed to avail themselves of her time for private lessons. Now, this kind of instruction can become somewhat of a drag in the foot department . . . but we haven't heard of a single complaint!

So the next time you decide to brave the icy slopes, in search of adventure by way of the animated bed slats . . . be on the lookout for our little Baby Doll teacher, here. You may be the greatest things on skis since Torkel, with a perfect knowledge of how to go (and even more important, how to stop) the fastest route the shortest way. But we'll practically guarantee that you could learn a few things from this teacher. And even if you couldn't . . . think of the ball you'd have in those very private lessons!!

refill the prescription. We are no longer in need of their medicine, my darling."

I knew it, she thought. He has lost his marbles. Or had he? What he said sounded logical enough. Maybe he wanted her now. She looked up at him, tears in her eyes. "It's funny, but I never felt this close to you before, Thad."

He walked over to her, put an arm around her shoulders. "Marina, listen to me, doll. I can give you what we both want now, thanks to the club for its help. But now we — I — I don't need the club."

"How can you be sure, Thad?"

He grinned broadly. "Want a graphic demonstration?"

"Well," she said, answering his grin with one to match it, "My mother used to tell me if anyone had something I wanted, to make him demonstrate his article before I considered buying it."

"Wise woman, your mother."

Outside a papa dog whined for Flair. Marina opened the door and let her out

Then she got up slowly and went into the bedroom. Thad followed her. And as she shut the door she knew she would not open it again unless it was Thad who wanted in.

said she'd arrange it so she wouldn't get pregnant.

"As far as I was concerned, that gave it away. I could see her whole cat and mouse game now. I could have been the one to make sure she wouldn't get in a family way but Edie wasn't leaving it up to me. I was supposed to trust her and, if she got pregnant, I'd be the one who'd be foxed.

"I never let on to Edie that she wasn't getting her own way. I went to bed with her just as if I'd really been hooked. Sure, I got excited. Edie knew I would. What she didn't know was that I was able to stand off in my mind, so to speak, and watch her play her cozy little game.

"Edie took me in her arms and kissed me on the neck. When I began to hug her and run my fingers through her hair, she went all quivvery and limp. When I brought my fingers across her cheek and felt for her lips, they were moist and parted. She grabbed my hand in both of hers and kissed my fingers all over and pushed herself up against me.

"Right then, I was stumped. Edie had never been the least bit passionate before. It gave me the jitters. You see, Edie was being so much like I'd always wanted her to be — almost. I got so shook up it was all I could do to keep control of myself. I even had tears in my eyes like they say a man will sometimes get when he feels like I was feeling then. I wanted to give in to Edie and I would have too, only I couldn't get it out of my mind that it was all part of her damn scheming. So I yanked myself away from her and got out of bed and left her there.

"I got dressed and slammed the door behind me when I went out. Edie hadn't said a word. All the way to town I kept telling myself that I'd showed Edie

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We, here at **Baby Doll** Magazine, feel that the pictures you're looking at right now are a real miscarriage of Justice . . . or something. The pretty Baby Doll on these pages is one of the most photographed, most "on-camera" Television Commercial actresses in the business. But we'll bet anything up to a nickel that you don't recognize her! Reason why . . . all you ever see of her is her beautiful, deep, expressive etc. eyes!

Now eyes are fine, and frankly, I don't know anyone who gets along too well without them . . . but as anyone can very plainly see, this proud pullet has a lot more to offer to the world of the vidiot box than just her eyes! I mean . . . there's commercials for nylons on T.V., and let's face it, the legs in these shots are the kind that most men dream about, and most women turn green over. There are also, I seem vaguely to recall, advertisements for such helps to the feminine figure(and traps for the unwary male) as girdles, and garter belts, and skirts, and dresses, and all kinds of female frippery.

Naturally, I refuse to comment on bra ads. How do you gild that kind of a lily?!

So men of the world — unite! Leave us strike a blow for this tasty morsel of a Baby Doll. If they're gonna use her on T.V., insist they use her like we do!

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my second empty glass when something happened just like it does in the movies. A dame edged over next to me and asked me what the trouble was. I knew this girl, though, seen her almost every day. I never intended to tell her or anyone else my headaches, but I was feeling the drinks already so I started explaining things to her. After a few more drinks, we went out for a walk. It was so cold outside that we walked right over to her place and went upstairs to talk some more.

"Now this dame — I'll call her Mabel — ain't what you'd think of as a dame either She has lots of class and she's got a way of thinking about things that not everybody has. The way it struck me, she must've had something pretty lousy happen to her once. She isn't sour on the world on account of it, but you can see that the world isn't pushing her around any more either. For one thing, she has her own ideas about sin and love and all that, like some breezy writers like to get into their stories, only this Mabel is pretty straight about what she says. She lives by it.

"Mabel told me that there wasn't anything the matter with me and Edie that isn't the matter with just about everybody else. It was just that me and Edie had it pretty bad. According to Mabel, most of the trouble in this world comes about because we all need to love but damned few of us know how to go about it.

"Nobody, Mabel said, is a born expert when it comes to making love. Beginners' mistakes are only natural and shouldn't make much difference in the long haul if only you have the right attitude to begin with. The guy or girl who thinks they know it all just because they've listened to a lot of other folk's opinions, or maybe seen too many phony movies, is bound to take a pratt fall in the first round.

"Heck, I'd never talked with Edie like I was talking with this Mabel. Not once in all our years we'd been together had Edie and me ever got together in the right sort of talking way. I'd just let the poor kid take over the whole business by herself; and when she couldn't make a go of it for the both of us, I hadn't blamed myself at all.

"I probably sound like I got a sermon or something from Mabel. It wasn't that way at all. First thing I knew, we were having a big laugh together. One

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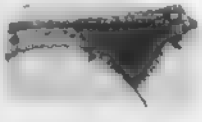

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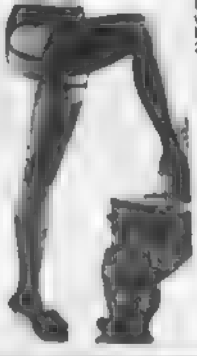

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thing this Mabel sure taught me was that you shouldn't head into this love business with a long face. By the time I got around to leaving, I felt like I had the world by the tail. You know how you feel when you think you've done yourself proud? — all cocky and conceited? That was me all right. It must've stuck out all over me because, when I tried to kiss Mabel good night, she wouldn't let me.

"Look, brother!' she said. 'I don't suppose you'll be able to help thinking like you probably will about me, until you feel like coming to see me again. Maybe it ain't your fault, but get this straight: Your little world ain't anywhere big enough. Perhaps it will be someday; then you won't be needing somebody like me to make you feel like a man.'

"It was just before dawn and we was standing there inside the street doorway. I was plenty peeved at what Mabel had just said to me, especially after what we'd done together. I pulled my coat collar up and stepped down onto the sidewalk; then I felt Mabel's hand on my shoulder, but I couldn't yank myself away. I just stood there with my head down, wishing I could crawl into a hole and die. Mabel took hold of my shoulders and turned me around.

"All of a sudden a hot flash of lightning did a jig across the sky. I looked up, blinking, and saw Mabel smiling down at me. I lost sight of her in the pitch black right after that, but my heart was doing flip-overs. Next thing I knew, Mabel took my face in her hands and held my cheek against her warm bosom. The heat from her body went right through me and, when I was able to draw a breath, I got full of the sweet smell of her.

"Then the first scratch of thunder tickled the air way up overhead. A second later, the whole sky gave a roaring sneeze and came down around us like gang busters and pounded on my heart like to beat the very hell out of it. When the thunder rumbled itself out and the echoes finally scrammed off into the hills, it left us standing there hugging each other with a gentle rain coming down against my hot face and shaking from Mabel's hair as she tossed her head back.

God! there's a lot of it in a thunderstorm! There's plenty of it everywhere else too, that'll get to you once you make up your own mind how to take things. It'll get to you from your wife and from kids and even from strangers. Hell, it's in horses and in the tiny sparrows and, when you begin to let it, it'll come to you from lots of little ordinary everyday things."

By the time Charlie got through talking to me and left for the stables, The Greek had gone off to some club he belonged to now. Only me and Mae was left in the place. I felt like I ought to say something, only there didn't seem to be anything to say. Mae came over and picked up my untouched cup of coffee.

That snapped me out of it. I whirled around on the stool and slapped a dime on the counter. I'd ordered that coffee and I was damned well able to pay for it. It was nobody's business but mine whether I drank it or not!

Sometimes it gets so quiet all of a sudden that even a little noise seems loud as all hell, and it's like somebody else can even hear your thoughts. When that dime hit the counter, it sounded like a rifle shot. All at once I felt naked. I wanted to scram out of that place something awful, but that damn dime wouldn't let me.

I watched Mae draw another cup of coffee. Every move she made was so beautiful it hurt me to watch her. My insides were crawling when she brought that fresh cup of coffee over to me. She acted like she didn't see the dime, like she hadn't even heard it hit the counter. She didn't pick it up for the second cup either. I couldn't make myself reach out for that dime and yet I couldn't stand to look at it. I'd slamed something I didn't like about myself down on the counter with that dime and it tore me up just knowing it was there in front of Mae. Then she slid her pretty hand over the dime. A moment later I heard it clink into the March of Dimes can beside the cash register.

Mae came back to where I was and took a lump of sugar and held it above the clear mahogany-colored stuff in the cup. I grinned and nodded. The lump plopped in. I took a spoon and made pleasant round and round sounds as I chased the lump with it. Whatever that hot coffee was doing to that lump, Mae's smile was doing the same to me.

When I wrapped my hands around that cup and felt the heat come out of it into them, I got to thinking how there's lots of cups that aren't built for that sort of comfort; how the smell of coffee like that is just as friendly as the taste of it; and how it's more than just another cup of coffee, when a girl like Mae serves it to you.

That's how it finally got to me, but good! — from a cup of coffee. I'd always known that it kept trying to reach me, but it wasn't until then that I made up my own mind about it and made it my business never to turn my back on it again. • • •

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